

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1883.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 173.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — Editor and Proprietor

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That Wicked Telephone.

"I guess I had my telephone took
out of my house," said a resident of
the eastern part of the city as he took
a seat beside Manager Jackson the
other day.

"Anything wrong?"

"Yes, evrything is wrong," was
the doleful answer.

"Perhaps the battery needs more
water?"

"Vheil, may be so, but I doan' keep
no track of dat. You see I vhas
down to my poessess a good deal. In
de morning, after I vhas gone a leetle
while, somebody rings about six-
teen hundred times and scares my old
vonian half to death. She asks who
vhas dere, and somebody answers:
'Hello! Shake, vhas dot you? Say,
Shake, how about dot beetle gal dot
wrote you dot letter? Hal hal hal!
Und dot makes my wife so mad dot
she shumps oop und down und pulls
her hair, and when I comes home she
goes for me like some tigers. Vhas
dot der right vhay to put up some
shobs on a man?"

"No, of course not."

"Und pooy queek after dot some-
body else rings oop my house too tou-
sand times, and my wife almost
faints away. When she asks who
vhas dere somebody answers: 'Say,
Shake! I saw you riding oude mit
your white on der Lake road last
Sunday! Doan' be afraid I doan'
give him away! Und den my white
vhas madt enough to hust in two, und
when I comes home she strikes at me
mit der teapot. Do you call him tel-
ephone convenience?"

"I call it a shame, sir."

"Vheil, some odder times somebody
goes rr-rr ringing like tunder,
und my wife vhas a bed-
quilt. She tinks dot vhas some occi-
dents to me, or some steam-pot blowed
oop mit her sister. Her heart pents
like it would shump out on der floor,
und when she asks who was killed,
somebody answers: 'Ish dot Shake?
Say, Shake, how much you gif dot
policeman to keep still on you, eh!
Ahl dot vhas a fine racket, Shake, but
if der oldt whoman drops ou on it
vhas gone oop like some Gilderoy's
kitel!' Den my wife she vhas madt
some more, and she packs oop her
trunks, and she vhas all ready to go
when I comes home. Vhas dot some
more convenience by electricity?"

"I shall certainly look into the
matter. Such things must be stop-
ped."

"Und sometimes somebody rings
softly, slush like cats, und my wife
wants to know who vhas dot? Mel
Who vhas me? Katie! Who vhas
Katie! Vhy, Shake, doan' you know
dot vider whoman you met on der
boat? Say, Shake, how vhas der oldt
whoman, to day? Und how vhas dot
on me, when I goes home? Und how
can I make der oldt whoman relif I
vass in my saloon all der time, und
dot I don't know some vider whoman
from a load of hay? I tell you,
Miser Shackson, dot telephone preaks
oop my family if I doan' look out.
Eafory day it is 'Hello! Shake!' und
eafory evening when I comes home it
is some more crying und wailing.
I vhas der worst man in Detroit."

He was promised speedy and per-
manent relief, and as he backed upstairs to the sidewalk, he feel like I

vhas happy. If somebody vhuants to 'Hello! Shake!' on me, let him come to my saloon. I gif him some telephone convenience so he vhas lame
for six months!"—[Detroit Free Press.

A "newspaper man" is one who has been writing editorials for eighteen or twenty years. A "journalist" is one who began reporting about a week ago.—[Philadelphia News. Now tell us what a "representative of the press" is.—[Louisville Argus. A masculine coat sleeve encroaching number twenty corset properly adjusted to an animated specimen of the genus homo—feminine gender.—[Masonic Home Journal.

SECRET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mrs. S?" "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. I have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

Some Press Comments.

Indignation meetings ought to be held all over Kentucky on account of Governor Blackburn's wanton abuse of the pardoning power. The people of the State should let the world know that although Dr. Blackburn is our Governor in fact, he is not in sentiment. Haste the day when this figurehead at Frankfort, who has done Kentucky more injury than all the criminals in it combined, step down and out.—[Owensboro Messenger.

Governor Blackburn is a disgrace to the State and to the high office he holds. It will be a great relief when his term expires and the State is relieved of him and his weak or corrupt advisors. It is all bosh to talk about "our big-hearted Governor." If ever the truth comes to light about this pardoning business it will be found that they are based on a solid consideration, much greater than the \$2 paid the Assistant Secretary of State for writing the pardons.—[Nelson Record.

It was not Governor Blackburn's fault that Kentucky was not captured by the republicans at the late election. His granting pardons to Dave Ferguson, the thief, Grove Kennedy, the murderer, and Ben Garrity, the fraudulent claim's swindler, on the eve of the election, was an act not calculated to win the confidence of law-abiding people to the wisdom and integrity of democratic administration of State affairs. Thank God his term is near its end. His administration has been a disgrace to the State, and he will leave the office he has cheapened and prostituted unregretted, unhonored and unsung. We have never yet made the republican party a gift, but if it will accept Governor Blackburn, the Lord knows it is heartily welcome to him.—[Breckenridge News.

Don't Sell It To Them.

One day a young man entered the bar room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you had the delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered; and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and let the world get rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

POSTAL NOTES.—It is only a short time before the public will have the new postal notes, the limit of their preparation being September 3. They will prove to be a great convenience, as the sender can transmit any sum from one cent to five dollars. The New York Tribune illustrates the convenience of the new arrangement by stating that "a lady living out of town who wants to send \$3.75 to a dry goods store in New York will hand that sum, and 3 cents fee, to the postmaster. He will give her an order with the figure three punched in the dollar column, the figure seven in the column of dimes, and the figure nine in the column of cents. This is simple and easy, and offers no chance for fraud."

OVER THE OCEAN ON WHEELS.—A dispatch from London, dated July 29, says that Terry, the man who left Dover at 9 o'clock yesterday morning on a floating tricycle, crossed the English Channel and arrived safely at Calais at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His machine was a tricycle of two side wheels of large diameter and one steering wheel of smaller diameter, each of them buoyant by a hollow composition of water-tight material. The propelling power was his own legs, the larger wheels being furnished with paddles at proper distances on their peripheries.

A traveling man, noticing a pretty girl alone in a car, went over in her direction, and smilingly asked: "Is this seat engaged, miss?"

"No, sir, but I am, and he is going to get on at the next station."

"Oh—ah—indeed—thank—beg pardon—" and he picked up his foot, after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking car to be alone a while.—[Merchant Traveler.

The school-boy who had been wrestling with latin and with his first chew of tobacco, said he did not want another quid nunc for it would keep him sic semper.—[Bowling Green Gazette.

John J. Reynolds, Flemingsburg, Ky., says: "I have numerous good reports from the use of Brown's Iron Bitters."

A Frank Country Landlord.

"Do you make much money here from summer boarders?"

The venerable enter of the grass looked pityingly at me over the tops of his glasses, as he replied: "We farmers don't invite these folks out to the country 'cause we want society. Oh, no; we don't take in city boarders to lose money. I got a round dozen, all women and children, up to my house, and the house ain't very big, neither. I get \$72 a week out of them 'ere folks, and I reckon I make \$40 a week out of 'em."

"Does not the brazen air give them heavy appetites?" I enquired.

"Stuff and nonsense. Why, when they first come to you they think they'd never had nuttin' to eat; they want to eat all the time. When we first took boarders I kinder held in on 'em, but I found a trick worth two of that. I just let 'em pour down all the milk they want and eat all the apples they can, and pretty soon the milk makes them hilious and the apples give them the colic, and then they settle down kinder steady like. I'm generally about \$300 ahead at the end of the season. I must get out here," added the old man as we were in front of a pleasant farm house. "Come down to prayer meetin' to night," I thanked the old man and promised to attend, but failed to keep my promise.—[Wall Street News.

The First Woman in Camp.

June 30 was a day of jollification at Carbonate, Col., being the advent of the first wagon, the first woman and the first board from the mill. It would have been interesting to the reader to witness the electrifying effect on the men in the camp when word was passed along the line that a woman was coming. Long before she was within a mile of the camp, knots of men were gathered here and there watching, looking in the direction from whence the wagon was to come. As she drove in sight each one gathered around his camp, as when an alarm had been sounded in a prairie-dog town. When within a few yards of the outside habitation the woman alighted, and accompanied by her husband, proceeded to the County Clerk's office. (It had been advertised that the donation of a town lot would be given the first woman who came in.) Curious eyes were watching her every step as she approached the Clerk's quarters. But the crowd which had gathered around the office for mail received respectfully each side of the entrance.—[Denver News.

A fruitful source of damage done to boilers, and one which has ruined thousands, is the practice of blowing a boiler off and immediately refilling it with cold water, while the brick-work is red hot. The *Age of Steel* believes that nothing will tear a boiler to pieces quicker than this. Boilers have exploded with disastrous effect from this cause after the fire had been drawn. Probably most persons not familiar with the matter would be surprised to know the pertinacity with which cold water will cling to the lowest point of a boiler under these circumstances. Local contraction of such severity is thus induced that nothing can withstand its effects, and a few repetitions are generally sufficient to ruin any boiler.

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A Business Son.

"Yes, there's a heap o' difference in boys," replied the old man, as he tied up a bag of oats. "There's my son John, for instance. Everybody beats him in hoss trades, swindles him out in the cold when he farms on sheers. It's good hearted, but there's no business about him. If I had to depend upon John I'd die in the poor house."

He wrestled the bag aside, seized another, and continued:

"And there was my son Philip—as keen as a razor—eyes wide open, and so sharp that no man in New Jersey dare offer him a pair of old boots for \$350 hoss for fear of being cheated."

"He's dead?"

"Yes, he's gone; and that was the sharpest trick of all. He found he had got consumption, and what did he do but hunt up a life insurance agent, take out a \$5,000 policy, gave his note for the premium, and come and fall off a load of hay and run a pitchfork clear through him. Some sons would have hung on and doctor'd around and wanted currant jelly and chicken soup for eighteen months; but that wasn't Philip. No sir. He didn't even ask for anything better'n a \$20 tombstone, and he said I needn't git that unless the marble cutter would trade even up for a blind calf."—[Wall Street News.

The First Woman in Camp.

The physician here uses Darby's Fluid successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. M. Green, Greenboro, Ala.

Teeter dried up.

Cholera prevented.

Small pox prevented.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - August 17, 1883

W. P. WALTON, - - - - - EDITOR

HON. ALBERT GALLATIN TALBOTT is announced in this issue as a candidate for the Speakership of the Lower House of the next Legislature. That he is eminently fitted for the position by experience in parliamentary bodies, is shown in the fact that he has served two years in the Kentucky Legislature, four years in the State Senate, four years in Congress and was member of the State Constitutional Convention. His election, almost by acclamation, a few days ago to the Legislature by his constituents in Boyle was a compliment of the most telling kind; and his friends wish to see him further honored with the office to which he is now aspiring. Col. Talbott is 75 years old but is as active as most men are at 50 and his mind is as bright as it ever was. He has always been a hard man to beat and we predict that he will be the next speaker or give the contending man a good deal of trouble.

"From all that we can learn, and that is a good deal, the Louisville papers are doing some talk lying about the Great Southern Exposition. It may be a big thing after while, but at present the exhibition is entirely 'on paper'." - [Stanford Interior Journal.]

The editor of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*, whose characteristics are candor and courage, ought not to let hisesy lead him into an error. When the Exposition opened every Louisville paper, we believe, stated that it was incomplete. In two weeks it has been completed. If there is any visitor who comes, either to be amused or entertained, and says he is disappointed, the Commercial will refund him his money. It is the largest, the most varied and complete exhibition of manufactures, arts and sciences ever given in this country outside of Philadelphia. The musical features are better than any other Exposition ever offered. The editor of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* is invited to attend himself and see if this is not true and his other information mere supercilious grumbling. - [Louisville Commercial.]

All right brother Allison, we shall be down in a few days and if we find the exhibition as good as we know we will since you have said it, it's our treat to chewing gum. And when we get back look out for a big free advertisement.

The New York Sun is endeavoring to start a boom for Hon. William S. Holman, of Indiana. Of him it says: Holman is naturally a reformer, and reform is the great business now to be accomplished. He is an economist. He is a strict constructionist. He never compromises his principles, and he never varies from the line of duty. If he were President, the government would experience a radical change, and the effect of his presence in the White House would be felt for many and many a year after he had left. This, we think, is the kind of man who is now especially needed; and we do not know another in the whole ranks of the democratic party who, in the qualities and characteristics that should go to make up the desirable candidate for 1884, is the superior of William S. Holman.

OFFICIAL returns from all the counties but eight give Procter Knott a majority of 43,571. Should the remaining counties go as in 1879, Knott's majority will be 44,713, a gain of nearly two thousand over the Black-burn majority. Without the eight counties the total vote for Knott is 129,191, Morrow 85,620. The 120,000 republicans that their speakers claimed, do not seem to have turned up, hey Mr. Bradley?

THE Hopkinsville South Kentuckians call on Gov. Knott to make the issuance of a Thanksgiving proclamation one of his first duties after inauguration, so that the people may rejoice that the days of the Black-burn dynasty are ended. We second the brother's motion. The deliverance from the hand of such a creature will certainly be an event for general rejoicing by the people of the State.

KEEP it before the eyes of Billy Bradley & Co., that Knott's majority is in the neighborhood of 45,000 and that there will be just 15 republicans less in the next Legislature than in the last. Verily William would have gone to Colorado sooner had he the true interest of his party at heart.

CLARA BELL says the "latest craze among the girls is to keep their handkerchiefs in their bosoms." Well they are as good as cotton so far as they go, and if they use them in the plural number they will supply all the deficiency, so far as can be detected from outward appearances.

THE "poor nigger" on the State ticket was so fearfully scurated by the republicans that Mr. Cecil's majority begins to look like it will reach 100,000. The average republican cares nothing for the man and brother beyond what he can use him for his own selfish ends.

BUSH NEWTON, of the Richmond *Herald*, is so much like Phil Thompson that he had to wear a sign labelled "We are not Phil Thompson." It's a good idea old fellow. We would like to see you shot down by the man who would avenge the murder of Walter Davis.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The telegrapher's strike is about at an end.

There were 1,715 deaths in Egypt in two days of cholera.

Lexington is to have a locomotive works with a capital of \$500,000.

The New York republicans will hold their State convention at Rutherford Spring, September 19.

Millard's livery stable and a number of houses adjoining were burned at Lexington, Wednesday evening.

Owing to the absence of witnesses the trial of Neal has been continued. The court's delays will induce the mob spirit again.

Postmaster Gresham will save from \$30,000 to \$40,000 on the Postal Guide by cutting out the padding and unimportant matter.

The U. S. authorities will not permit the fight between Mitchell and Slade to take place in Indian Territory, as has been arranged.

It is said that Blackburn will pardon Tom Crittenton, the cowardly murderer of the negro witness. If he does he ought to be hung.

On the Island of Iechei springs are drying up and smoke is issuing from fissures in the ground. Another earthquake is greatly feared.

Mrs. Charles Kohlach pitched her husband into the canal at Trenton, N. J., and then jumped in herself. The woman was drowned but the man rescued.

In Central Virginia the first rain for five weeks fell yesterday. Injury, which it is feared is irreparable, has been done by the long drought to corn and tobacco.

William Berry, a Lexington colored boy, bet that he could cross the track before the engine could catch him. He lost not only his bet but his head. The engine caught him.

Mrs. W. B. Allison, wife of U. S. Senator Allison, drowned herself in the Mississippi at Dubuque, Ia., a few nights ago. It is said that the fact that she had no children drove her crazy.

The failure of Ballon & Co., New York bankers, caused considerable excitement on Wall street Tuesday. The firm claim they will be straightened out in a few days. Their liabilities are \$2,000,000.

Thursday morning a fine mare worth \$300 and a horse worth \$125, belonging to Mrs. L. A. Dawson, residing on Pleasant Run, in this county, were struck by lightning and killed. - [Lebanon Standard.]

A private insane asylum in Ealing, Eng., has been destroyed by fire. Many of the inmates were badly burned, and five of them perished. Dr. Boyd, the proprietor, and his son lost their lives in trying to save the inmates.

There was another murder in Cincinnati Wednesday night. "Fox" Anderson killed Charles Marshall in front of the Four's Engine-house. The murdered man was a murderer, and his murderer has killed his man before.

If one speech from Col. Billy O'Bradley reduced the republican majority 708 votes in Christian county, how many speeches would it have taken to here wiped out the whole party? Republicans who are good in figures may work out the problem. - [Hopkinsville South Kentucky.]

Thompson Marion, the wealthiest citizen in Allen county, Ky., became insane and disappeared. His derangement is due to a railroad indebtedness. Allen county incurred, which has greatly disturbed him for several months. Tuesday he was found in the woods covered up with leaves and on being questioned, said he hid for fear of being killed court-day.

Another man has called upon the editor and found him in. It was in Washington this time. A big, burly brute named Fitzgerald attacked Gen. Boynton, the Washington correspondent of a morning newspaper, and the general planted his No. 10 boot where it did a great deal of good. Long may he wear his foot around an appropriate doper man.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Huntington.

Alarmed by your threat in Tuesday's issue, that you will disinherit all your correspondents, I hasten to confession. In behalf of others I can only plead their native laziness. For myself the defense is: First: Since the days of Sleepy Hollow in its most lethargic state there has been no place on the map of the universe so soundly as this. The enterprise, the energy, the vitality of the community were all used up during the festivities of the Fair and the excitement of the election. The traditional shock of a thunder peal from a cloudless sky would not surprise us into even a momentary activity. The long roll of an earthquake calling to arms the howling hosts of subterranean powers would scarce disturb our dreamlike slumbers; hence we have no events to chronicle. Second: Our nature modestly forbids that we should parade before your weary readers the trivial matters which, however interesting in our own particular latitude and to the denizens of our unscrupulous urban regions, can have no attraction for the thousands who look to the newspaper for something fresh and rare and gay; and Third: Conscience cries out against the crime of consuming the time of composition, proof readers and prepress, the wear of type, the expenditure of ink and the waste of paper over such twaddle as must necessarily be the contribution of the village scribe.

West End waking up. Born Aug. 9, to Mrs. Ben King, a girl. Aug. 12, to Mrs. G. Lyon, a girl. Aug. 14, to Mrs. R. Jones, a girl.

Missess Ida, Lizzie and Blanche Twidwell, escorted by Mr. J. Q. R. Napier, left for Cumberland Falls on Wednesday.

Joseph Page, Sr., and his son Joe, Jr., have gone to Adair county to visit friends. Mr. Matt McKinney, of Randolph county,

Missouri, is here visiting relatives. Miss Gough, of Clark county, is with Miss May Thompson. Miss Edith Foster, of Lexington, is with her sister, Mrs. Dan Heim.

There is one topic of much interest in this and the adjoining counties that I can not refuse a brief allusion. You will not deny me space, Mr. Editor, for a word in reference to the Rev. W. T. Tyre whose sudden death is recorded in your last issue.

Comparatively young, active, earnest in his calling, effective in his labors, and hopeful as to the grand results of his mission he was suddenly called to his armor by an enter on his reward. This is a noble record. Consecrated to the humble office of the ministry he deeply loved his work. Whether in the populous city or in the most sequestered rural recesses, in the gorgeous pulpit or in the groves which "were God's first temple," with the same untiring zeal, with the same honest simplicity he held forth the offer of salvation.

The handsome new Baptist church in Hintonville stands as a memorial of his zeal and efficiency. Hundreds of humble christians in all the surrounding country hold his memory enshrined in their hearts. A faithful soldier has fallen - fallen with his armor on, and in his hand the honor of his King.

BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 BRACKLEWELL LANE,

DALSTON, LONDON, E. July 27th, '83

Dear Editor:

On the night of Thursday the 19th, the day after our return from Scotland, began the meeting in Brunswick Chapel. This is a small brick edifice erected by a gentleman named Wood, whose property interests lie in the vicinity, and who has a heart for something besides accumulation. New Sonthgate is the name of the suburb, which is as yet sparsely built up, and really, very few people within easy reach of the little meeting-house. However, the dear LORD, who again and again turned aside from the great "multitude" and wrought for one soul, showed us very plainly it was our next place after Dalkeith, and we cheerfully entered upon the mission. The chapel is quite a little architectural gem, almost like a "toy" church holding about 200 all told, and compared with the Dalkeith Corn Exchange a very small affair indeed. Beyond the children's meeting last Sunday, when every dear child confessed the Savior, 75 or 80 all, the work has been chiefly confined to christians. Altogether 121 have confessed the dear Name to date, which, almost includes every unconverted and backslidden person in attendance. We expect to hold on until next Sunday, doing what we can to build up and encourage the dear children of the Father, who can carry on the work, on the same line, after we are gone.

The meeting has already drawn out some grand workers, and we are very glad the dear LORD sent us to Brunswick Chapel. I hope in my next to tell of the meeting closing in fullest blessing.

Next Sunday week if the LORD will we are to begin in Hackney, a district even more needly than Hoxton or Stratford Le Bow. There we are to have a large church, with full liberty. The pastor goes to the sea-side, leaving everything to us to be led as the LORD may direct. He is in thorough sympathy with our gospel, inclining the bodily healing, and we anticipate a blessed gathering of the poor. We do not know how the LORD will put in the next week for us, but it will be something good and gracious, we are sure. The LORD has lovingly provided for us during the "heated term" in August, by a kind offer that only come to us last night. Our Highgate friends, the Bartletts, are all going to Paris for a month and offer us the use of their airy and delightful house just as it stands, servants and all, with no expense but for the table. This will be a great saving in our household economy, with an elevation of temperature exactly that of the hall on St. Paul's Cathedral, lifting us quite above the ordinary London atmosphere, which just now is rather odoriferous and perhaps unwholesome. After 12 o'clock we close our windows tightly, for the steaming breath of sleeping London seems to get impacted and taken on an offensiveness that is not noticeable in daylight and the busy air that appears to keep it from settling as it does after midnight. We shall be quite out of this at Highgate, by long odds the pleasantest and most elevated suburb of the great city. The railway trains make all as convenient for the Hackney meeting as from Dalton. How good is the dear LORD thus to provide for us, so that our work can go on in something like comfort even during the month when all who are able flee the city in "hot haste" emphatically. At present there are no signs of a "heated term" at all. We light fires every morning in the little dining room, and only let them go out about noon. But when the heat does come it will only be the more unbearable. It may be that there is cholera in store for London this summer. I am no croaker, but I shouldn't wonder at all, if it comes. Thank the dear LORD we bear "charmed lives," who "keep" ourselves "in the love of God." O why do any leave that sure and safe retreat?

England is just now thrilled with the loss of her plucky swimmer, the daring Capt. Webb, and forgets the folly of the century. In admiration of the courage of the poor fellow who threw all upon the hazard of the "whirlpool" dia and lost. And man forget how common a thing is, with a dear, costlier thing than a bodily life, where souls madly enter with a stedfastness that bears them resolutely and surely on to the dreadful turning point, where lies the awful "whirlpool" from which no swimmer has ever yet emerged with life. Oh these white hands and pallid faces, uplifted for a moment, before they disappear forever! How they haunt me! LORD give grace and consolation to keep on, "if by any means I may save some," who may yet be saved.

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to Mrs. Ben King, a girl. Aug. 12, to Mrs. G. Lyon, a girl. Aug. 14, to Mrs. R. Jones, a girl.

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not over 10 feet in height, with gilt inscription as follows: "To those immortal dead, who live again in minds made better by their presence."

He left the body of "George Eliot" - Mary Ann Cross, born 2nd November, 1819. Died 22d December, 1880.

On the grave of the great which has been dimmed by loving or curious novices pluckers; some one has placed a glass flower plate, cross shaped with this inscription around it in letters formed from black glass bands "In Memoriam - Asleep in Jesus." The plate is empty and broken and some of the letters have disappeared - to reappear in the collection of some coarse relic robber, perhaps, and altogether one feels that the grave is neglected. The impression is a pathetic one to those who admire this wonderful woman, but quite in keeping with what must be considered the melancholy close of a tragic life. Poor, dear victim of a false theology - that numberless heretics are set, variations in latitude and longitude adjusted, all things set for exactly 12 o'clock, high noon, on the 1st of April. And to, when the time came for the earth to be shaken with the noise of many cedars, and the "man in the moon" was to be startled out of his wits by the uproar. The upshot of the affair was this, that never before in the world's history had there been a time of such perfect stillness. For in, every man on earth was so curious to hear that mighty utterance and was so lost in desire to hear it for himself, undisturbed by the sound of his own voice, that he forgot to shout. And so, no one uttered a sound. And that is why we starved for letters. Ever in Jesus, G. O. BARNETT.

say, "Well done, brave heart, thou hast been faithful in the few, I will make thee ruler in the many."

Let me in conclusion cordially thank the dear, dear friends who have responded to my appeal for letters. Sisters Honk and Gibson and Cochrane, and May, and Saufley, and "Cousin Nellie," and the one beloved brother in Brooklyn, have my hearty thanks for their charming letters. It is almost amusing to note how one and all begin with the full permission that we are so overran with correspondence that their letters are quite needless. The fact is, we have been quite astirring for letters since our arrival, because every body has been thinking every body else was attending to the matter. Which reminds me of the legend that "once upon a time," there was an agreement among all the inhabitants of earth to shout at the same moment, with such an exceedingly loud voice, that the "man in the moon" should hear. And so chronometers were set, variations in

latitude and longitude adjusted, all things set for exactly 12 o'clock, high noon, on the 1st of April.

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H. C. BRIGHT.

P. J. CURRAN.

BRIGHT & CURRAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE, &c.

We run two houses, carry the Largest Stock in town; pay cash for our goods, which enables us to sell you closer than any one. All we ask is a trial.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

AT AND BELOW COST!

We will sell you anything in Summer Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes at and below cost to reduce stock.

Don't Forget These Prices!

Suits, now \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10, \$12.50 was 7, 10, 12, 14, 17.50

Shoes, now 75c, 1, 1.50, 2, was \$1, 1.50, 2, 2.75

Slippers, 50c, 75, 1, 1.25 was 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2

Children's Shoes and Slippers accordingly.

PREPARE!

—BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, FOR—

FALL SEEDING!

And be sure you examine, before purchasing, our line of Seeding Implements, as follows:

The Baker Spring Hoe
Grain Drill,The Trump Grain Drill
with Spring Seat,The Buckeye Spring Shoe
Grain Drill,The Star One-horse Grain
Drill,The Albion Spring Sulky
Harrow and Broadcast Seeder,The Kalamazoo Spring
Tooth Sulky Harrow
and Broadcast Seeder,The Moline Sulky Plow,
The Cassedy Sulky
Plow.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - August 17, 1883

I. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North 100 P. M.
" " South 100 P. M.
Express train, South 101 A. M.
" " North 100 A. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy PAINTS at Penny & McAllister.

NUISANCE of birthday cards at Penny & McAllister's.

STANDARD ready mixed paints at McRoberts & Stagg.

JOHNSON HOG Cholera Cure, Penny & McAllister's sole agents.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

Given up that McRoberts & Stagg make the best Soda Water in the world. Try it.

MAHINE OIL, which will neither heat nor gum, 50 cents per gallon. Also extra strained lamp oil at McRoberts & Stagg.

I will open my fish and oyster market regularly on the 20th and will keep a fresh and full stock all the time. J. T. Harris.

PERSONAL.

Mr. JOHN Y. YEAKLEY, of Maysville, was here yesterday.

Miss B. M. McROBERTS has returned from Crab Orchard.

Mr. T. W. HUGHES has gone on a visit to friends in Kansas.

Mr. E. B. BEALEY and family have returned from the West.

Jan. T. CRAVEN has charge of R. B. Lytle's store in his absence.

SHERIFF H. H. BROOKS, of Estill, is visiting his sister, Mrs. M. O. Vandever.

HON. A. T. TALBOT and Alex. Anderson, Esq., of Danville, were here Tuesday.

Miss MAMIE CHENAULT has returned from a visit to her uncle at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Miss LETTIE HOLLOWAY, of Louisville, is visiting her little cousins, the Misses Warren.

Mr. JOHN M. FELAND who has been attending the Normal School at Valparaiso, Ind., has returned home.

Miss E. H. BRUCE has gone to the bedside of her sick brother, Mr. George Bruce, of Pittsburgh, Ky.

PROF. J. K. PATTERSON, of the A. and M. College at Lexington, and his son Willis were here yesterday.

Misses MARY and Marie Burnett, and Mr. Jack Burnett, of Louisville, are the guests of Mr. Dan. Spalding.

Mr. JOHN M. HALL, Mrs. Sue M. Baumgartner and Miss Rhoda E. Hall attended the Baptist Association, which was in session at Somerset this week.

Mr. PETER HAMPTON has secured a position as drummer for the saddlery house of Card, Sont and Co., Louisville, and the firm showed great in the selection.

Mr. JAMES CROW has left with us a copy of the Pueblo (Colo.) Chieftain, which contains a well written letter from Salt Lake City, by his son, Matthew D. Crow.

Mr. E. H. HACKNEY and Miss Helen Pearl were married in London Wednesday morning. They left for Louisville and were accompanied as far as this place by Misses Lucia Fullins, Pattie Adams, Maggie Smith, Sallie Pearl and Mewers. Hackney and John Pearl.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FAIR-Jane and Cane at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

NEW FALL CALICOES for school girls at Robt. S. Lytle.

HORSE, Mule and Sack Races at Crab Orchard to-morrow evening.

The fleetest assortment of fancy, toilet soap in town at S. S. Myers'.

TWELVE to fifteen tickets were sold from bare to the Richmond Fair yesterday.

This has been the coolest August ever known, and yet no marriage license has been issued here for nearly a month.

POLICEMAN NEWLAND being sick, Chief of Police Elmore has appointed E. B. Caldwell to fill his place for the present.

The little child of Dr. J. G. Carpenter, fell out of the second story widow of his room yesterday but was not seriously hurt.

THE CRAB ORCHARD HIGH SCHOOL will open its doors Monday in September. See "ad." of Secretary James Rice in another column.

Come and see our handsome display of Queenware and Glassware. Some very handsome dinner, tea and chamber sets. Bright & Curran.

THE DANVILLE PLANNING MILL in another column what they can furnish and we are sure our builders and others can not do better than to patronize them.

THE NEW BOURING MILL at Maysville came near being creased yesterday. The wooden supports of the furnace caught fire but fortunately were extinguished before the flames were communicated to the other parts of the building.

THE Telephone from here to Lancaster is all right now! Expert Billy Williams went over yesterday and after adjusting it moved it to the store of W. L. Withers. Messages solicited. Charges 25 cents, or for short conversation 25c.

It is announced that the beautiful but frail female who has wrecked the lives of a number of her fellow mortals, Miss Jessie Buckner, will make her debut upon the operatic stage at the Casino, in New York, in October. Look out for more murders.

THE IRON-FOOT for the First National Bank building and Penny & McAllister's store will arrive to-morrow and the work of putting it up will be commenced on Monday. The bank will probably be moved to the vacant store room above the Interior Journal office while the changes are being made.

TOMORROW at 2 o'clock P. M., I will offer for sale at my residence in Stanford, Ky., some household and kitchen furniture; No. 1 cooking-stove, &c. A few farming utensils; two extra milk cows; two Alsatian hounds; Alderney hul; a remarkably gentle buggy mare; buggy harness; wagon harness and buggy, &c., &c. H. W. Legge.

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Fruit car salt, lime and cement at Bright & Curran's.

FOR SALE. - A handsome residence will sell very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

Before buying a new house call and examine S. S. Myers' stock of groceries, which he is selling at bottom figures for the cash.

My last year's individual business must be closed up, and those indolent to me must come and settle. I mean business. E. P. Owley.

GOV. BLAUCHURN will be "hell of the ball" at Crab Orchard Springs to-night. We hope he will "parade" us for not being present to do him honor.

BUSINESS CHANGE.—Mr. T. R. Walton, late of this paper, has purchased the grocery stock of Mr. W. T. Green, and commenced trading yesterday. We will continue the business at the same stand and run it at high pressure.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

FOR SALE—330 acres, 34 miles from Maysville at Stagg & Holton's.

At a public sale at Fayette 168 head of the river Wilkes' colts averaged \$213.

Mr. T. R. Montgomery sold to John Tewney yesterday 4 miles colts at \$75.

I have 120,000 first class shingles for sale. B. H. Pennington, Stanford, Ky.

Adam Pence bought of J. W. Long, of Clinton county, 100 wethers, 210 lbs., at 31 cents.

Heavy losses of cattle for want of water are reported in the southern and southeastern ranges in Texas.

Parole has been on the turf eight years, has started 119 times and won in stakes \$80,139.25. He was bred in Kentucky.

Scott & Land, of Jessamine, bought of G. W. King, of Crab Orchard, 108 ewes at \$2.50 and of J. W. Long, 100 mountain ewes at \$2.75 and 70 at \$2.85.

It is estimated that the U. S. wool clip of the present year amounts to three hundred and twenty millions of pounds, or about twenty millions greater than that of 1882.

In the Louisville Exposition there is on exhibition an Arkansas squash which weighs ninety-six pounds, and a Tennessee cucumber which weighs ninety-eight and one-half pounds.

New York, Aug. 13.—Cattle \$1 per head higher. Common prime native steers \$36.65 per cwt., live weight, Colorado steers \$17.75@ \$19.00; Texas steers \$15.65, mainly \$15@ \$16.50; exporters bought 150 steers at \$6.40@ \$6.65.

John W. Stillman, Sr., of Bourbon, sold in Watt M. Gay, thirteen 2-year old ewes at \$1.25 per hundred, that averaged 198 pounds. Wm. T. Neal sold to Wm. H. Ford, 61 head cattle, averaging 1,285, at 5 cents per pound, and one dollar for the hind-quarter. They were accused of keeping a house of entertainment for single gentlemen.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by John B. Fish.

I undertake to write a few items in answer to a request by your efficient editor of the Mt. Vernon department, but you will of course notice the deficiency in this letter and those of the regular ones by comparison. Mr. Fish is very busy in Court and has not time, however, to write as he would like. By the way, I will say here that I am under many obligations to him for favors. As this is my first visit I am unacquainted with the good people of this town. I have been very favorably impressed indeed, with the kindness with which I have been met on all sides. If you want to see genuine, old-fashioned hospitality, visit Rockcastle county.

Go to J. L. Whitehead's for fruit.

Mr. Vernon, with his 15 stores does a surprisingly big business.

SAVE YOUR HOUS.—J. L. Whitehead has the remedy—Dr. Hause's Hog Cholera Preventive.

FRESH MEAL at the "Nick" Plat' Mills." Custom grinding any day in the week. Jas. Marat.

Born to the wife of F. L. Thompson, Aug. 13th, a daughter. She is called Ann Elizabeth.

Mr. J. L. Whitehead, the bootdruggist, will be in Mt. Vernon during Circuit Court. His interests at Williamsburg keep him there the most of his time.

Yankee bearing on the streets but drawn to the music of the wheat field and making the old fellows who sat soberly at get into hammocks and lie awing at a break-neck height and speed. One old gentleman's eyes were near popping out of his head as he lay and looked at the rope with a broken strand that threatened to part and drop him on the rocks below. It was fun for the girls but nearly death to the old man.

Jim Cannon sold last week to Joe Wilson one 15 hand 5-year old mare for \$140; to Jim Jenkins, four mules from 14 to 15 hands, from two to four years, for \$400. He bought eight mules in Butler last week at from \$20 to \$40 and one more for \$100.—[Bowling Green Gazette.]

Dr. H. J. Sanders, of St. Mary's Parish, La., was here last week and bought of Messrs. Simms, Mainings & Co. 60 head of mules for his own use and that of several of his neighbors. He bought them in lots, paying \$180, \$200, \$210 and \$220 per head for the different lots.—[Lebanon Standard.]

IN Cincinnati the cattle market is quiet and lower at 2 to 3 cents for common; good choice butcher grades 4 to 6, common to best shippers 4 to 5.50; stockers and feeders 3 to 4. Light shipping hogs are in demand, others weak and dragging. Beef butchers and shippers 5 to 5.80; common to fair 4 to 4. Sheep are slow at 2 to 3 to 4; stock over 2 to 4 to 4; do. weifers 3 to 4. Lambs are dull at 4 to 6 cents.

Special to the Interior Journal.

THE HORRIBLE NEWS comes from Ulster that three men named Joseph Claiborne and James and Jessie Randall were beheaded as they lay asleep in a railroad camp in the woods and their bodies thrown over a hundred foot cliff by Frank Stagg and an accomplice. The men had just drawn their pay and it was for the purpose of getting their money that the crime was committed. Claiborne lived long enough to give the names of the murderers.

He was buried for a week and then his remains were taken to the Juniper for her. She was working for Mrs. Cook and on being told that they wanted her to go with them, she readily consented and said she would prepare. Some time elapsed after she went to her room and becoming impatient the men had just drawn their pay and it was for the purpose of getting their money that the crime was committed. Claiborne lived long enough to give the names of the murderers.

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CUPID FIRST DIP.

BY SAMUEL LOVET.

Cupid one day said wild flowers playing—

Wild flowers the best for him—

In the bright stream, by whose bank he was stran-

gled.

Longing to bathe—but the boy could not swim,

He removed his feet in a shallow hard by,

When the spray of the stream, with sharp mocking

cry,

Said, "Cupid, don't delude me; let me be bold,

Jump in, or keep out,

You don't do no doubt

Will I go lame with a cough,

And the lads will scoff,

For the very worst thing is for love to take cold."

Cupid, thus lauged, journeyed on, nothing daunted;

"Well done," said the nymph to the boy;

"Once a' head and ears, boy, away with you

haste—

The older the plebe, the brighter the joy!

To give you this lesson, said Cupid, I teach,

With your dear little wings, so—em sure you're

a' dork—

But, old dork, don't delude,"

The nymph said to him,

"Once a' head and ears,

Away with your fears,

For love or death when determined, I will—

FOR LOVE OF HIM.

"I!" cried Haddie Winstanley, pitifully, "I a burden to my husband? Oh, Sarella! Sarella! for pity's sake don't say that!"

It was the day following the family fugitives—that most dismal, doleful and intolerable of days, when the furniture was piled up in the echoing and uncarpeted rooms, the pictures turned blankly with their faces to the walls, the yawning chimney-pieces destitute of crackling flames, while the dreary spring rain beat against the windows with a mournful and monotonous sound.

At the back of the little farm house the gnarled apple trees were striving to break out into buds and blossom, and a few faint-colored spring flowers lifted their golden heads above the grass and dead leaves, while at the front the restless billows of the Atlantic, tortured by the moaning wind, flung their fringes of foam high up on the shores, flights of sea-birds eddied overhead, and the low-hanging reach of leaden clouds shut out the misty shimmer of the horizon.

Haddie had wandered about the house all day wrapped in a shawl, looking about as forlorn as the daffodils and Jonquils outside, in the vain endeavor to find some habitable nook or corner where she could pore over her book.

She felt herself ill-used in the extreme, degree, this sunny-haired, rose-lipped human fairy, in that all was not made smooth and easy to her little feet.

She had married Carlos Winstanley three months ago, supposing that she was entering into a human Eden through the golden circle of the wedding ring and the bowery arches of the orange blossoms; and here, to and behold! he had failed; the pretty little house in Park Terrace had been sold, with its antique furniture, its brio-a-brac and rose-lined curtains, and here and there they were banished for the rest of their lives to the dismal, one-story farm-house, the sole relic of Carlos Winstanley's scattered fortune!

"It isn't like a city house," said the young man, cheerily; "but I've always had a sort of loving for a farm life, and we can be just as happy here as if it were a palace—can't we, Haddie?"

And Haddie, with a half-frightened glance at the restless waves of the Atlantic and the groups of cedars writing in the blast, clung to his shoulders and whispered:

"Yes. But," she added with quivering lip, "it will be very lonely, won't it?"

"Sarella is coming to stay with us and help get settled," said Winstanley. "Why, what could such a butterfly as you do with all this confusion?"

Haddie said nothing. She could hardly tell her husband how much she feared and disliked his stern maiden sister, who stood up so straight, and wore her iron-gray hair twisted up into a tight knot at the back of her head, in an inexorable fashion, which made Haddie feel as if her gold frizzles and braids were vanity and voracity of spirit, indeed; and had a way of looking over and beyond her, as if she (Haddie) were of no account whatever.

But Sarella was needed, and she came, just as she would have come to nurse a wounded soldier, or keep watch over a household of measles, or scarlet fever, or undertake any other difficult or thankless task.

And, upon this rainy day, Sarella went backward and forward, and looked with a sort of contemptuous pity at the poor little wife, wrapped in her fleecy white shawl, with a rose in her hair and a book in her hand.

"Dear me, Harriet!" she had cried out, when at last her slender thread of patience was quite exhausted; "why don't you do something?"

"What shall I do?" said Haddie, pitifully.

"I'm sure there's enough to be done," said the rigid elder sister. "Can't you turn and sew that piece of carpet to fit the hall?"

"I never did such a thing in my life," said Haddie, tying the hem of carpeting as if it had been a wild beast ready to spring at her. "I don't think I could save anything so big and heavy."

"There's all the time to be washed and sorted on the shelves," suggested Sarella grimly.

"I should be sure to break it," faltered Haddie.

"The curtains are all ready to be tucked up to the west-room windows," said Sarella, looking around for a tack-hammer.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Haddie, more frightened than ever. "I should be sure to turn giddy on top of that step-ladder."

Sarella looked dismally at her beautiful little sister-in-law.

"I wonder what you are good for," said she, sharply.

Haddie hung her head, flushed scarlet, and said nothing.

"For all I can see," severely went on Sarella, "my big brother might as well have married a big wag doll. It was all very well so long as he was a merchant in receipt of a big income. But now—

goodness me, what sort of a farmer's wife do you suppose you will make?"

"I don't know," confessed Haddie, feeling herself arraigned before a sort of consolidated inquisition.

"Do you know anything about butter and cheese?" demanded Sarella, relentlessly.

"No!"

"Did you ever make up a batch of bread? or pie? or cake?" sternly pursued this iron-hearted catechist.

"No," whispered Haddie.

"Can you cut and fit your own Kensington stitch?"

"I can make the Kensington stitch in antique lace, if that's what you mean."

"Antique lace! Kensington stitch!" echoed Sarella, in withering scorn. "Can you make your husband's shirts?"

"He buys them ready-made," faltered Haddie. "At least he always did."

"I never supposed there was so much in her," said Sarella. "Carlos couldn't have made a better choice if he had tried for a year."

"It does beat all," said Betsey Baker.

DINNER IN FRANCE.

Sarella looked dismally at her beautiful little sister-in-law.

"I shall prepare you some strawberry shortcake to-morrow, and my bread and biscuits are as light and as white as snowdrifts; and I've made you a shirt, Carlos, all by myself, and Aunt Dorcas says I needn't be ashamed of it; and I can wash and iron, and clean starch as well as ever old Chloe did when I was a girl at home."

"Haddie! Haddie!" he cried. "Why did you suppose you will make?"

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"Can you cut and fit your own Kensington stitch?"

"I am only your true, loving little wife," she answered, hilding her face on his breast.

"I don't like that eat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of 4-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride; \$17.25 for ten visits.

An ambitious young writer having asked "what magazine will give me highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

Carlyle, being once asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied, "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determine what kind of fool he was.

"I saw a big boy and a little fellow quarreling over some marbles to-day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you interfered to stop their quarreling." "Yes, yes," said John. "I took the little fellow's part."

An old man, with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an Austrian druggist and stated to the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer.

"What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red-hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."

—Texas Siftings.

HURRY UP, SIS.

Dearest, don't,

Long have I waited;

Sighed for the coming

Of times belated;

Fragrant as rosesbuds,

Pure as the dew;

Dearest, don't,

I'm waiting for you.

HURRY UP, SIS.

Dearest, don't,

Long have I waited;

Sighed for the coming

Of times belated;

Fragrant as rosesbuds,

Pure as the dew;

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